

# Knuckles

Season 1, Episode 4

## The Flames of Disaster

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detail

In order to learn where Knuckles' true strength lies, Wade must see the world through his eyes.

( "Good Morning" by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed playing )

( soft breathing )

( birds chirping )

♪ Good morning, good morning! ♪

( yawns )

( bicycle bell rings )

Whoa! Thanks, Eric!

**Eric:** Morning, Wade!

Love the new wheels, pal!

( forecaster )

( on TV ) The north's nothing but sunshine and blue skies. Everything is green. Everything is in bloom. It's a beautiful morning... morning... morning... morning...

( clattering )

♪ To you! ♪

♪ When the band began to play, the stars were shining bright ♪

♪ Now, the milkman's on his way ♪

♪ It's too late to say good night ♪

♪ So, good morning, good morning ♪

( birds chirping )

♪ Sunbeams will soon shine through ♪

♪ Good morning, good morning to you ♪

♪ And you and you and you, good morning ♪

I think today is gonna be a beautiful day.

Hm?

( *whipping* )

( *grunts* )

( *screaming* )

( *engine revving* )

( *crash* )

( *groaning* )

( *garbage clattering* )

( *gasping* )

**man:** Hah!

Knuckles!

Knuckles, help me!

( *engine roaring* )

( *screaming* )

You gonna rescue him?

No.

Yeah, I wouldn't either.

( *engine roaring* )

Do something! Mr. Jorgensen!

In order to become a true warrior, he must learn to rescue himself.

( *motorcycle roaring* )

**Wade:** Ah! Knuckles!

( *thoughtful music playing* )

Wade is going to be just fine.

**Wade:** No, I'm not!

( *sips, sighs* )

( *dramatic crescendo* )

( *Wade screaming* )

( *"The Warrior" by Scandal playing* )

♪ Oh... ♪

♪ Oh-oh-oh ♪

♪ Who's the hunter? Who's the game? ♪

♪ I feel the beat call your name ♪

♪ I hold you close in victory ♪

♪ I don't wanna tame your animal style ♪

♪ You won't be caged from the call of the wild ♪

♪ Shooting at the walls of heartache ♪

♪ Bang bang ♪

♪ I am the warrior ♪

♪ Well, I am the warrior ♪

♪ And heart to heart, you'll win ♪

♪ If you survive ♪

♪ The warrior ♪

♪ The warrior ♪

♪ Shooting at the walls of heartache ♪

♪ Bang bang ♪

♪ I am the warrior ♪

♪ Well, I am the warrior ♪

♪ And heart to heart, you'll win ♪

♪ If you survive ♪

♪ The warrior ♪

♪ The warrior ♪

( *song ends* )

( *motorcycle roaring* )

( *Wade screaming* )

( *tires screech* )

( *dramatic sting* )

( *groans* )

( *rock guitar riff playing* )

( *boots jingling* )

( *groans* )

( *dramatic crescendo* )

Hello, Wade.

Jack?

Are you shocked to see me?

What?

You will be.

Ha!

( zap )

( electricity whirring )

( screaming )

Yeah!

You feeling this? ( Laughs )

( thunder clap )

( rock music playing )

( truck horn blaring )

Ah, that's a good chap.

You're through the worst.

**Wade:** Really?

Feels like I'm in the middle of the worst right now.

Whatever "it" is.

Let me tell you the first rule of bounty hunting.

( tense music playing )

Know your target like he's your former best friend.

And in this case ( beeping )

**app:** Captured!

( dramatic sting )

He is. ( Chuckles )

( birds chirping )

The treasures one finds on Facebook Marketplace.

The guy I bought it from was a total weirdo, though.

Jack, please don't do this to me.

I believe I already have.

Do you even know why there's a price on my head?

Do you even care?

When did you become so heartless?

The second rule of bounty hunting.

Never let things get personal.

You're my best friend! This is very personal!

You're right, Wade. I should level with you.

I'm in dire financial straits.

Due to my lawsuit against an unnamed rainforest-themed restaurant franchise, I don't have two pennies to my name.

I told you, the robotic birds in that restaurant make the same joke no matter who walks in.

They were personal attacks!

( *dramatic sting* )

( *crow cawing* )

**Wade:** Okay! Whatever!

Never mind.

Turning you in equals turning my life around.

♪ ♪

But if it helps, I'm truly sorry.

Yeah, that does actually help. Thank you.

Terrific.

Jack, think about it. How did we get here ( *zapping* )

( *yelling* )

**computer:** *Do not touch bars.*

**Jack:** Simple.

I trapped you, lured you, and cleverly snared you.

I was hoping for a little bit more of a fight, to be honest.

I mean, as friends. How did we get here?

First Reno and the Renegades, now this stupid bounty.

Did you ever value our friendship at all?

We had a good run, but you and I are like the frog carrying the scorpion across the river.

Oh, my God. Not with this story, it goes on forever.

You allow me to ride on your back, despite knowing I cannot resist my nature to sting you.

Even if it means we both drown.

Except, I'm also a scorpion who knows how to swim.

An exquisite scorpion with beautiful hair and a way with the ladies.

Alright, let's get this show on the road!

( *tense music playing* )

Jack... Jack.

( *zapping* )

( *yelling* )

**computer:** *Do not touch bars.*

Ouch!

( *Jack* )

( *laughing* ) Woo-hoo!

( *limo engine starts* )

Sorry about that, gang.

One quick drop-off, then it's Reno, baby. Woo!

( *"Send Me An Angel" by Real Life playing* )

Karaoke time.

You ready, Susie's dad? Whose name I can't remember.

For the third time, it's Bill!

( *on mic* ) *I don't care.*

♪ *Do you believe in Heaven above?* ♪

♪ *Do you believe in love?* ♪

Take it, Susie's dad!

( *microphone clangs* )

You didn't tell me you were gonna throw it.

**Wade:** Jack!

( *banging on cage* )

Jack!

( *panting* )

( *grunts* )

( *zap* )

**computer:** *Do not touch bars.*

( *growls, grunts* )

Come on, buddy.

If you're waiting for me to be at my all-time lowest, I am there right now, so come and save me.

( *tense music playing* )

Come get me.

( *sighs* ) Whenever you... feel like it...

Knuckles, help me!

( *tense crescendo* )

♪ *Send me an angel* ♪

**Jack:** Louder, Susie's mom!

Okay!

♪ *Send me an angel* ♪

**Jack:** Kick it!

♪ *Right now* ♪

( *muffled singing* )

( *sighs* )

( *phone buzzing* )

Oh, come on, dude.

Jack, if this is a prank call, I am really not in the mood for it right now.

( *Knuckles* )

( *on phone* ) *Listen to me, Wade. Time is of the essence.*

Knuckles! You have to bust me outta here.

**Knuckles:** *You must bust yourself out, Wade. By learning where a warrior's true strength lies.*

Okay, I understand what you're trying to do...

**Knuckles:** *You will travel to our ancestral lands, the Great Battleground in the Sky.*

Fine.

**Knuckles:** *Now, clear your mind and slip into a deep meditative state.*

( *exhales* )

( *vocalizing, mystical music building* )

I think it's working. I'm ascending.

Let's put some wattage in this cottage!

**Wade:** *I'm ascending to...*

**Jack:** Electrocute!

*( screaming )*

*( dramatic crescendo )*

**computer:** *Do not touch bars.*

*( eerie hissing )*

*( sighs )*

*( mysterious music playing )*

Where am I?

I'll tell you where you are, Wade.

*( both screaming )*

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Calm down.

*( stops screaming )*

Here, let me make you more comfortable.

*( coughs )*

*( mystical sting )*

Whoa.

Let's try again.

I'll tell you where you are, Wade.

The Great Battleground in the Sky!

*( pins clattering )*

The Great Battleground in the Sky is a bowling alley?

Well, for you it is.

For most people, this place has more of a Florida feel, with all-you-can-eat shrimp.



But this is your battleground.

Okay. Who are you?

My name's Pachacamac.

( *dramatic music playing* )

Wait. Knuckles told me about you!

You're the legendary leader of the Echidna tribe!

In the flesh, baby!

Well, it's an honor to meet you, Chief, um...

Pachacamac.

Yeah. Chief... Pamachacaw.

Pachacamac.

Parmesan.

Pa.

Peh.

Cha.

Jor.

Ca.

Mar.

Mac.

Za.

You know what? Mac's fine.

Okay. If that's... easier for you.

I certainly have no problem with the correct pronunciation.

Yeah, right.

Wait, things are starting to make some obviously clear and logical sense.

Knuckles must've sent me here because this is my next lesson.

Hold on. Are you gonna teach me something amazing and essential to my real-life predicament?

I'm not just going to teach it to you, Wade.

I'm going to have it sung to you as part of a low-budget rock opera.

Now, please open your mouth.

Um, I'm not really comfortable with that. ( *Nervous laugh* )

Just do it, man. Rainbow!

I'm actu... ( *screaming* )

( *zap* )

( *rock opera music playing* )

Wait.

I'm not in the show, am I?

( *on PA* ) *Prepare yourself, Wade, because if you want to learn where Knuckles' true strength lies, you must see this quest...*

( *feedback* )

*through his eyes. You must become him.*

**Knuckles' voice:** This is going to be awesome.

Wait.

I'm Knuckles? I mean...

( *echoing* ) I'm Knuckles!

**Pachacamac:** *Hey, Wade, don't make this weirder than it already is.*

**Wade's voice:** Got it! Good note!

( *rock opera music playing* )

♪ *On a glorious quest, quest* ♪

( *guitar playing* )

Hello, Wade.

Jack?

♪ *For glory* ♪

Uh, what?

♪ *What with his hands of stone and knees that never buckle* ♪

♪ *Come and witness the tale* ♪

♪ *Of the warrior Knuckles, yeah!* ♪

( *rhythmic clapping* )

Uh, what is Jack Sinclair doing here?

**Pachacamac:** *Clearly, you two have unfinished business.*

Ah, yeah, no, fair point. He does have me locked up in a giant cage right now. Uh, proceed!

♪ *And now, we begin our quest* ♪

♪ ♪

♪ *When our hero was only a lad* ♪

♪ *He was trained by the greatest, his dad* ♪

( *teddy bear squeaks* )

♪ *Had the technique and also the guts, guts, guts* ♪

♪ *He prepared to kick multiple butts, butts, butts* ♪

♪ *But the giant owls, they did come* ♪

♪ *They had one mission, to kill everyone* ♪

♪ *Knuckles and Dad didn't know what to do* ♪

♪ *Yes, they were doomed!* ♪

♪ *The owls, they clawed and they kicked* ♪

( *screaming* )

♪ *They hooted and flew into fits* ♪

♪ *They set fire to the town and burned it to the ground* ♪

♪ *I'm so freaking upset, I can't sing about it* ♪

♪ ♪

Father, you can't leave me.

I won't, son. I never...

( *groans* )

( *echoing* ) No!

( *melancholy piano playing* )

♪ *Some things can't be fixed, even with big gloves* ♪

♪ *Saddest story that you ever heard of* ♪

Can I go to the bathroom?

No, we're doing something.

I really gotta go.

Tough.

( *Intense rock music playing* )

♪ *Now, Knuckles was sad and alone* ♪

♪ *Without a father and without a home* ♪

**chorus:** ♪ *Giant owls killed his dad* ♪

♪ *So off on his own, he just needed the power* ♪

( *powerful voice* ) ♪ *I will find the Flames of Disaster...* ♪

( *video game sound effects* )

Michael Bolton, everyone!

**chorus:** ♪ *A glorious quest for glory* ♪

♪ ♪

♪ *I need to find the Flames of Disaster* ♪

( *video game sound effects* )

**chorus:** ♪ *A glorious quest for glory* ♪

( *zapping* )

( *video game sound effects* )

**Jack:** ♪ *But the power was no simple task* ♪

♪ *Too many obstacles lay in his path* ♪

♪ *Stinking to high heaven, needing a bath* ♪

♪ *That's when he saw the demon made of fire and ash* ♪

♪ *Who said* ♪

( *scary music playing* )

( *roaring* )

♪ *I'm gonna burn you alive till you're crisp* ♪

♪ *Then boil your bones and eat you like a fish* ♪

♪ *Then I might hit Facebook Marketplace up* ♪

♪ *Might be some deals on some freaking cool stuff* ♪

**Jack:** ♪ *But our hero went back to the start* ♪

♪ *Saw that the strength was deep inside his* ♪

( *music stops* )

♪ *Heart!* ♪

My fists! The secret is in my fists!

That's right. That makes a lot of sense.

Thanks, everybody! Got it.

( *lights click* )

Could've been an email!

What? No!

Hey, wait! That's not the right lesson!

I got it from here!

I know exactly what to do!

( *door banging* )

( *groans* ) Of course.

( *mysterious music playing* )

Time to unleash the source of my true power.

My fists.

( *heroic crescendo* )

( *zapping* )

( *screaming* )

Why did I think that would be a good idea?!

( *grunts* )

**computer:** *Seriously, do not touch bars.*

Oh, I shoulda listened to the rest of the story.

Take me back, Chief Macamacachalkadoo.

( *lights click* )

( *echoing sigh* )

Well, well, well, look who's back.

You gonna let us finish now?

Yes, sir. I apologize.

Great.

( *rock opera music playing* )

♪ Yahoo ♪

♪ Hoo... ♪

♪ Yow! ♪

♪ Are you ready? Let's go ♪

( *roaring* )

( *dramatic rock music playing* )

Okay! Okay! Thank you!

♪ But the demon was not impressed ♪

♪ By the puny red guy before him ♪

♪ He looked down and rolled his eyes ♪

♪ And then without any warning ♪

♪ Oh, my God ♪

( *fireballs whipping* )

♪ He used magic and lava ♪

♪ And before you even knew it ♪

♪ Knuckles was defeated, his mission uncompleted ♪

♪ He totally freaking blew it ♪

♪ Oh, my God, broken and vanquished ♪  
♪ Our hero lay on the ground ♪  
♪ And the demon screamed out ♪  
♪ You're going down ♪  
♪ Unskilled, untrained ♪  
♪ So unworthy ♪  
♪ Unskilled, untrained ♪  
♪ So unworthy ♪  
♪ Unskilled, untrained ♪  
♪ So unworthy, you suck ♪

**all:** ♪ You freaking suck ♪

And now, I'm afraid this is the end of your story.

( lightning zap )

( thunder rumbles )

**Michael Bolton's voice:** ♪ Is it too late to find out where my strength lies? ♪  
♪ I didn't feel it in my bones when I flew high ♪

( angelic vocalizing )

♪ It wasn't in the lightning coursing off of my skin ♪  
♪ Could a warrior's true strength ♪  
♪ Come from within? ♪

( heart whooshing )

**Jack:** ♪ And just when everyone counted him out ♪  
♪ Knuckles rose up with a furious shout ♪

**Michael Bolton:** ♪ Take heed, demon ♪  
♪ We've entered our final fight ♪  
♪ Now prepare for my glorious might ♪  
♪ You fool! Only I can be the power's master ♪

**Michael Bolton:** ♪ No, you're wrong 'cause now I wield ♪  
♪ The Flames of Disaster! ♪

**Jack:** ♪ It wasn't even close when our boy got going ♪  
♪ A royal beatdown with flame fists a-glowing ♪

**Michael Bolton:** ♪ I've had this power right from the start ♪  
♪ But now, I know the true strength lies ♪  
♪ In a warrior's heart! ♪

( screaming )

( surprised yelps )

( tires screech )

( Wade screaming )

( thud )

( dramatic sting )

Ow.

( triumphant music playing )

( tires skid )

Oh...

( back cracking )

Oh, my back, too. ( Groaning )

( limo door opens )

How the devil did you get out?

I should've reinforced the cage!

With my true strength.

( *mystical sting* )

Nothing?

Jack Sinclair, I challenge you to a duel.

For my freedom, my honor, and that sweet leather jacket!

Finally, the day gets interesting.

A duel it is. ( *Excited growl* )

( *laughing, panting* )

( *dramatic crescendo* )

Spry.

( *grunts* )

( *blades whipping* )

These blades were forged by Hattori Hanzo himself.

The sharpest, strongest blades on Earth.

Great!

Hiya!

( *air whipping* )

( *blade slices* )

( *tense music playing* )

Oh, boy.

Wade!

( *yelling* )

( *engine roaring* )

( *dramatic music playing* )

*Kufafanua wakati!*

( *tires screech* )

( *dramatic crescendo* )

I suggest you find a ride.

What?!

( *distant* ) I said I suggest you find a ride!

Still didn't hear it.

( *distant* ) What?

What?

( *distant* ) I can't hear you.

I'm sorry, I'm not hearing you all that well!

I can hear part of it, but not all of it.

What?!

( *distant* ) You need a vehicle!

In order to fight me.

Oh, okay!

Got it!

( *quirky music playing* )

Hey.

How you guys doing? That is one cool bike. Caught my eye.

You think I could borrow it for a few seconds?

Sure. No problem.

Thanks.

For 10 G's!

Look, here's four bucks. I'm a deputy lieutenant sheriff.

I would never do this ordinarily, but I am commandeering this vehicle.

Hey!

( *bike rattling* )

( *dramatic music playing* )

( *bell rings* )

( *panting* )

( *blade slices* )

Alright, Wade. You can do this.

Just trust your true inner strength.

You're gonna die, idiot!

That's not cool! You don't know!

( *tense sting* )

( *flare pops* )

( *whooshing, bang* )

( *tense crescendo* )

( *revving* )

Woohoo!

( *dramatic music playing* )

( *click, revving* )

♪ ♪

( *ringing bicycle bell* )

( *sparks fizzling* )

( *blade clanging* )

Ah!

Yah!

Woohah!

( *slow motion screaming* )

( *zapping* )

( *dramatic music building* )

♪ ♪

( *groaning* )

( *tires skid* )

( *tense synth music playing* )

( *groaning* )

( *tense synth crescendo* )

Looking for this?

My locks. M-My beautiful locks.

What have you done to me?

You're lucky I didn't do a whole lot more.

( *soft music playing* )

Hey, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes!

You know, I'm sorry things got a little bit outta control back there.

Finish him, Wade.

With pleasure.

( *bike clatters* )

♪ ♪

I'm gonna need that jacket.

( *sheepish grunt* )

( *panting* )

And the vest.

It...

It's my favorite leather jerkin.

Leather what? I don... Just give it to me.

And... the shirt.

No, no.

It's happening.

Please... It's...

Sorry.

We were friends. We were best friends.

Former best friends.

( *somber music playing* )

( *emotional breathing* )

Don't look at me. Don't look at me...

Uh, do you know the third rarely referenced rule of bounty hunting?

Wha...

When faced with a worthy opponent, you run the hell away!

( *whimpering* )

♪ ♪

Don't look at me!

Don't look at me!



I did it!

( *triumphant music playing* )

( *onlookers clapping, cheering* )

( *motorcycle rumbling* )

( *mysterious vocalizing* )

( *motorcycle driving by* )

( *wind chimes jingling* )

( *"Send Me an Angel" by Real Life playing* )

Is that...

It can't be.

It is.

( *vocalizing* )

( *kickstand clicks* )

( *cuts engine* )

Mother.

Sister.

( *song stops* )

Wade. Get off the grass.

Yep.

( *song restarts* )

Yep, sorry. ( *Nervous laugh* )

( *starts engine* )

He's ready.

♪ *Send me an angel* ♪

♪ *Send me an angel* ♪

♪ *Right now* ♪

♪ *Right now* ♪

♪ *Send me an angel* ♪

♪ *Send me an angel* ♪

♪ *Right now* ♪

♪ *Right now* ♪

♪ *Do you believe in Heaven above?* ♪

♪ *Do you believe in love?* ♪

♪ *Don't tell a lie, don't be false or untrue* ♪

♪ *It all comes back to you* ♪

♪ *Open fire on my burning heart* ♪

♪ *I've never been lucky in love* ♪

♪ *My defenses are down, a kiss or a frown* ♪

♪ *I can't survive on my own* ♪

♪ *Send me an angel* ♪

♪ *Send me an angel* ♪

♪ *Right now* ♪

♪ *Right now* ♪

( *song fades out* )

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Detail

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